

THE DOUGLAS INDEPENDENT.

"Independent in all things; Neutral in Nothing."

Vol. 3. ROSEBURG, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1878.

No. 8.

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Are prepared to give satisfaction to all.

A CARD.

I HAVE SUFFERED FOR SEVEN
years, from the effects of a cold, and
death a hundred times. In fact I have
been under the treatment of the
leading Physicians of Oregon and California.
But receiving no benefit from them, I
had given up in despair thinking there was
no relief for me in this world until per-
suaded by friends to try Mrs. Dr. B. A. Owens.
I hesitated to try her for some time,
with no hopes of relief. I had not been
under her treatment one week until I began
to improve rapidly. I went under her treat-
ment last March and was there three
months. I thank her for her well again,
and I assure them they will not
regret it for mortal tongue can not express
my gratitude to her. ETTIE CARY,
LATPATEITE Yamhill Co., Or., Oct. 25.

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Best of Beds, and the most atten-
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Table Supplied with the Best of
Everything.

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Leave the house every day on the arrival of
the cars from Portland.

The traveling public, and all who favor
us with their patronage, can rest assured
that they will be entertained in the best
possible manner. O. L. BUTTON,
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AND

Highest Cash Price Paid for them.
S. MARKS & CO.

THE ENGINEER'S STORY.
BY E. R. KEXFORD.

Yes, sir, I do believe in ghosts.

Why? Well, sir, because I saw one.

Tell you about it? Well, I will if you'll sit down and listen. It isn't much to tell, but it was a good deal to see, you can just bet your life, and I never go by the place when I see it without feeling kind of scary.

Lem me see. 'Twas in 1860. I was just beginnin my work on this road that year. I'd been on a road out west, but a friend got me the position here that I have kept ever since.

It was a rainy, disagreeable day when the affair I'm goin to tell you about happened. Jest one o' them days that makes a fellow feel blue in spite of himself, and he can't tell why neither, less he lays it all to the weather.

I don't know what made me feel so but it seemed as there was danger ahead ever after we left Wood's station. And what made it seem so curious was that the feelin of danger came on me all at once. It was just 4 o'clock, as near as I can tell. Anyway, jest about the time when the down express must have got safely by the place where what I am goin to tell you about happened, I was a-standin with one hand on the lever a-lookin ahead through the drizzlin rain, feelin chilly and kinder down-beated, as I have said, when all of a sudden the idea came over me that somethin was wrong somewhere. It took hold of me an I couldn't git rid of it, nohow. I knew that all was right with the engine. But that feelin that there was danger ahead never let up once after it got into my head. Queer, wasn't it? But 'twas so. I couldn't account for it atter I found out there was danger, just as I felt, an I h. in't never been able to account for it since.

It got dark early, on account of the fog an rain; it was dark as pitch afore we left Holbrook, which was the last station we passed afore we come to the place where I see the ghost.

I never felt so queer in my life afore, said Jimmy, the fireman to me, all of a sudden.

As I was feelin queer myself, he kinder startled zee, sayin what he did.

Why, what do you mean? said I, without lettin on that I was uneasy.

Do know, only I feel as if somethin was goin to happen, said Jimmy.

That was just as I felt an I told him so, and we talked about it till we both got fidgety.

There's a pretty sharp curve about twenty miles from Holbrook. The road makes a curve round a mountain an the river runs below you, about forty foot, or sich matter. It's a pokersick lookin place when you happen to be goin over it and think what would come if the train should pitch over the bluff into the river.

We got to the foot of the mountain, and all at once I saw athin right ahead in the bright light of the engine. We always run slow round the curve an could see distinctly. My hair riz right up, I tell ye, fer what I see was a lean a-standin right in the middle of the track, wavin his hands, and I grabbed hold of the lever and whistled down breaks, an stopped the train as fast as ever I can, for ye see I thought it was a live man. Jimmy he see it too and turned round to me with a scart face, for he thought he'd be run over.

But I began to see it wasn't flesh and blood man afore the train came to a stop, fer it seemed to glide right along over the track, keepin just so fer ahead of us.

My God! it's a ghost, cried Jimmy, a grabbin me by the arm. You can see right through him. And we could!

Yes, sir, we could. When I come to note it, the figger ahead of us was a kind of foggy-lookin' thing, and only half hid by anything that was behind it. But it was just as much like a man as

you be and you'd say the same thing if you'd see it.

The train stopped.

An then what do you think happened?

Well, sir, that thin just grow thinner and thinner till it seemed to blend right in with the fog an I lost track of it. I know it was gone. It was a ghost I said Jimmy, in a whisper. I know athin was goin to happen cause I felt so queer like.

They came crowdin up to find out why I stopped the train an I swear I never felt so foolish as I did then for I knew they didn't believe me, and they'd think I was crazy or drunk.

He see it too, said I pointin to Jimmy.

Yes, fore God, I did said Jimmy.

This is a pretty business, said the conductor, I am surprised at you, Connell, for I thought you were a man of sense.

I thought so too, sez I, but I can't help what I see. If I was dyin this mornin I'd swear I see a man on the track, or at least the ghost of one. I thought 'twas a real man when I whistled.

An so would I, answered Jimmy.

The conductor couldn't help seein that we was in earnest, an believed what we said.

Take a lantern and go along the track, sez he to some of the men.

An they did.

An what do you spose they found?

They found the rails all fore up jest at the spot where the train had a shot over the bluff into the river if it had a gone on.

Yes, they found that, and I tell you there were some solemn lookin faces when it got among the passengers how near they'd been to de th.

WHOSE BABY.

A Carson paper says: This question was put to a fine looking Indian this morning. Mr. Lo had a bright colored papoose in his arms (a rather unusual occurrence with native Americans) and he was looking intently on the facial lineaments of the young stranger. He looked up only as a Indian can look and said, "Don't know, just looking to see. My mahala heap ikam white fellow; boy too dam white to suit Ijin. No matter, he grow up some day make him Gubner, all same Broadhous. Teach him a little—teach him how to steal cattle. Gubner don't want to know much anyhow; and then the mahala came along and the young American statesman was flung into her lap.

A Long Ride.

At Prospect Park, Brooklyn Peralte, the Mexican began at 4 o'clock an attempt to ride 305 miles in 15 hours. He made the first one hundred miles in 4 hours and 20 minutes. He changed horses every mile. The fastest mile was made in 2 minutes and 13 seconds. One hundred and fifty nine miles were covered in 7 hours and 20 minutes. A horse having stepped on Peralte's foot, he stopped to bathe it. He completed 200 miles at 1:50 P. M., 300 miles at 7 P. M., when the 15 hours had expired, but continued riding until he had made the appointed 305 miles, when he accomplished at 7:40 P. M., doing the last mile in 5 minutes and 41 seconds. The rain of the afternoon made the track heavy, and but for this the feat would doubtless have been accomplished.

He Didn't Walk.

A New Jersey man, of an inventive turn of mind, undertook to accomplish the biblical feat of walking on water. He had made two immense India rubber shoes inflated with air. Then he went down to the river, buckled on his air-tight shoes, and succeeded in walking fifty yards, and was making bravely for the opposite shore when he was struck by a stiff breeze and lost his balance. His head went down and his feet remained above water, and fifteen minutes later a couple of gunners fighting the huge shoes, mistook them for a couple of amphibious monsters, and riddled them with buckshot. This released the air and the man disappeared. He was found two weeks afterwards, but he was as dead as the late Julius Caesar.

A GRANGE PICNIC.

The Grange, picnic near Salem last Friday, was a grand success in every particular. The number in attendance was large, and those who were present report having enjoyed themselves to their heart's content. Judge Boise delivered the main speech of the day, and from it, as it appears in the Statesman, we make the following extracts:

When, by the diffusion of general knowledge, farmers began to be educated, they became more capable of intelligently judging of their own interests and controlling and managing their own affairs successfully, and of exerting and influencing the affairs of government. As trade and commerce developed, those who engaged in such enterprises began to associate themselves together to regulate the price of products, control freights and otherwise regulate the business in which they were engaged. These associations are sometimes called boards of trade, and these boards are usually composed of men of wealth and influence, who desire internal improvements, such as railroads and opening of rivers to navigation. These are in the interest of the producer. They also so desire to manipulate matters as to buy the products of the farm at low rates and sell at high rates, and to make large profits on the machinery they sell to the farmer. This is not in the interest of the producer. For many years these men have had their own way in such matters, and have held their power over the farming community. But the spread of knowledge has now reached the remotest part of the world, and farmers can now inform themselves as well as the business man. It is one great object of the Grange to collect and distribute information for the benefit of farmers so that they may act intelligently in disposing of their products and purchasing what is necessary in transacting their business. For this purpose agricultural newspapers are needed, farmers need to collect and hold their products until they know their value, and to co-operate in buying machinery and other necessities. To the influence of the Grange was due the maintenance of the P. P. T. Co., and that their single boat had kept freights down to a reasonable figure, which has actually saved the farmers of the Willamette valley so far \$600,000. The speaker referred to the influence of the Grange on the legislation of the state, and attributed to it the continued free navigation through the locks at Oregon City. The Grange, he said, is not and should not be a political organization, but it should be a great social and moral power. The one great object is to improve the condition of the agricultural classes. This is a work worthy of our greatest endeavors.

More Ignorance.

It is absurd to assume that manual labor is derogatory to the dignity of a lady. The idea is based upon mere vanity, and leads to idleness and all the evil tendencies thereupon. It betrays ignorance of human nature and of the prime factors of human happiness and is condemned alike by history and common sense. Homer tells of Princesses drawing water from the springs, and washing with their own hands the finest linen of their families.

Little Business.

The Oregonian is very busy just now sniffing and nosing around among all the dung hills from Yamhill to Pomeroy, sniffing out the Mitchell men, whom it dubs as "traitors to their country." That is a pretty sheet for such business; forsooth, where can a human being be found more imbued with the spirit of treachery; more ready to deliver the country (east of the Cascade mountains) to the enemy, than the editor of the Oregonian? His past course proves it—Mr. Mitchell's course proves that he has made a manly struggle in defense of the country.—Astorian.

Sam Walker went into bankruptcy. His assets were about \$500,000,000 and his creditors will realize \$500,000,000.

DEMOCRACY VS. REPUBLICANISM.

Number Two.

In article number one, we alluded to the fact that the Democratic party's leading tenet of political faith is the advocacy of measures which are, or may seem to be, popular. From the conception of that party during Washington's administration, and bore at the nomination of Jefferson for the Presidency, and christened Republican at that time—but now called Democratic—it has ever sought and mentally bowed to public opinion as the most sure way of getting into power. In obedience to the belief of the war spirit that had not subsided after the revolution; that party, under States Rights doctrines, rose up in opposition to Federal authority and refused to obey the excise law of Congress, in what is known as the "Whiskey Rebellion," the prime movers in which were members of those "Democrat Societies" that gave Washington so much trouble during his administration. The Burr conspiracy, a few years after, was only the legitimate offspring of their pernicious doctrine, "States Rights," a fact that Jefferson well knew as was evinced by the great leniency with which he prosecuted those bold conspirators against the peace and harmony of the government.

Again, in 1812 Mr. Madison was elected President by and through the popular hue and cry, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights"—a war with England followed as the result, and after the loss of thousands of lives and millions of money, was yet to be settled by diplomacy—the war did not determine one way or the other the "Right of Search;" but the Democracy was covered with "glory." The South Carolina Nullification was another child of that pestilential, trouble breeding dogma, "States Rights." And again, in 1844 a Democrat President was elected on the "Annexation of Texas" issue. War with Mexico was the consequence; Democracy was again enveloped in a mantle of "glory," and thousands of lives were sacrificed, millions of money spent, and human slavery propagated.

States Rights again cropped out in 1854 when Mr. Douglas introduced his "Kansas and Nebraska" bill for the repeal of the "Missouri Compromise."

The border trouble followed, and "Popular Sovereignty," another name for States Rights, was the feather used to tickle the nose of the lethargic populace and arouse them to quickened life, and enhance the faithful.

And last but not least, in 1860, upon the election of Mr. Lincoln to the Presidency, the States Rights doctrine of Democracy caused the tree of discontent to bloom and bear the bitter fruit of secession; and rebellion with all dire consequences followed. The friends of the Union were denounced; the measures inaugurated by the new administration for the purpose of maintaining in fact, were declared unconstitutional and void; and every conceivable obstacle thrown in the way by the majority of that party. The system of finance adopted was opposed as "unconstitutional," while at the same time their friends and allies in the seceded States were waging war to destroy it. They discouraged volunteering, fled from the draft, secreted deserters, and boldly avowed the cause of the seceded States to be just and right; and sympathized with them as a persecuted people struggling to throw off the yoke of tyrannical imposed upon them by a constitutional President. ARABUS.

No bird is actually on the wing. The wings are on the bird.

THE INDIAN WAR.

A Boise City dispatch of June 9th has the following concerning the Indian war in Idaho:

Yesterday afternoon Captain Harper's company of volunteers came across about sixty Bannock Indians, seven miles east of South Mountain, who attacked him. He was compelled to retreat, the Indians following him seven miles, killing four white men and two Pinte scouts, and wounding Thos. Bones; also one man missing and several horses killed and wounded. Harper expects reinforcements this morning, and then will return to the field and recover the dead.

Reports state that the bills are full of Indians; men and arms are needed at once. Reinforcements were sent from Silver City and another fight was expected to take place to-day.

A messenger has arrived at Silver City from Captain Harper's command, who brings the news that O. H. Purdy, John Poesy, J. Newcomb and Christopher Stender, and also two Pinte scouts, were killed. Harper retreated to Stein. Reinforcements having joined Harper, he moved for the enemy, who appeared numerous. On receiving this intelligence the Governor ordered a mounted company from Idaho City to report here for dispatch to the front.

Newcomb, one of the party reported killed, reports that no less than eight Indians were killed, but as the Indians had possession of the field no bodies were found. Newcomb and posse had to take to the brush, and made for South Mountain.

Further reports from Boise City and other points go to show that a general Indian war is considered inevitable. The Indians are massing in great numbers in the lava beds, and are made up of desperate characters from all tribes. Troops are being hurried to the front from every possible direction, but the Indians will do a great deal of damage and commit many murders before surrounded by troops. And then the Indians, when confined to the lava beds, will fight at least a month before they surrender, meanwhile many a soldier will be killed. Our readers remember the history of Captain Jack and the lava beds in Southern Oregon and Northern California, and can understand the present situation and appreciate the chances for a prolonged Indian war when they learn that Captain Jack's stronghold was as nothing in comparison to that now at the command of the hostile Indians of Idaho. The lava beds are more extensive and rougher in character, within their limits there is plenty of wood, water, grass and game. The Indians, therefore, cannot be starved out, but must be whipped into submission. J. H. HANCOCK.

Aphorisms.

Do not delight in the misfortune of others for you know not at what moment you may fall.

Have a settled purpose in life, and if it be honorable it will bring your reward.

Following many vocations has ruined the life of many men.

Practice economy and industry and success is yours.

All sorrows and joys are but temporary, so aim higher than them.

There is but one thing that is sure on earth and that is death.

There is that in some men, which, if not chilled by adversity, would give to the world grand thoughts.

A Compliment.

That was a delicate compliment a seven year old Milwaukee boy paid his mother the other evening. The family were discussing at the supper table the qualities which go to make a good wife. No one thought that the little fellow had been listening, or could understand the talk till he leaned over the table and kissed his ma and said, "Ma when I get big enough I'm going to marry a lady just like you."